

ADVENTURES INTO  
WEIRD WORLDS

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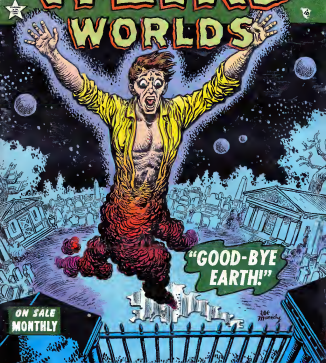
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Presented



# WEIRD WORLDS



"GOOD-BYE  
EARTH!"

ON SALE  
MONTHLY

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TURN THE LIGHTS DOWN LOW, KIDDIES, AND GET IN THE MOOD FOR ANOTHER JOURNEY INTO *WEIRD WORLDS*! OUR LEAD TALE IS ONE OF THE STRANGEST WE'VE EVER READ...AND WE BELIEVE YOU'LL RATE IT ONE OF THE *GREATEST* YOU'VE EVER CAST YOUR PEEPERS ON!

# GOOD-BYE EARTH



His voice was strange and yet oddly enough it had a familiar sound to it... as if I had heard it in a dream a long time ago...

GO INTO THE GARAGE WHERE WE MIGHT BE DISTURBED! I HAVE IMPORTANT NEWS FOR YOU, HARRY BURNS... MOVE QUICKLY!

HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

I'M SORRY TO BE SO ABRUPT ABOUT THIS, BURNS, BUT YOU WILL SOON FIND OUT WHAT IT IS ALL ABOUT!

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS - YOU JUST DON'T GO AROUND THREATENING PEOPLE WITH FANTASTIC "LOOKING GUYS" THE POLICE WILL...

WHY ARE YOU LOOKING US IN? WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH US?

DON'T BE AFRAID! I WON'T HARM YOU IF YOU CO-OPERATE! BEFORE WE LEAVE HERE YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

AS I SAID BEFORE, I'M JUST AN ORDINARY GUY WITH A GOOD JOB AS AN INTERPRETER FOR THE UNITED NATIONS... I'VE GOT A SMALL HOME AND A HAPPY FAMILY! NO MATTER HOW I THINK, I COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT THIS STRANGER WANTED...

WHY ARE YOU STARRING AT ME LIKE THAT? YOUR EYES... THEY SEEM TO BE SLIPPING INTO ME!

THERE ARE MANY THINGS YOU WILL soon KNOW AND REMEMBER... THINGS YOU ARE COMPLETELY UNWARE OF!

FIRST YOU MUST SEE ME AS I REALLY AM... SO I WILL REMOVE THIS RUBBER MASK THAT COVERS MY TRUE APPEARANCE...

HE REMOVED THE MASK, AND FOR A MOMENT I WAS PARALYZED WITH HORROR... ALL I COULD DO WAS STARE AT THE SICKENING, REPULSIVE SMILE IN FRONT OF MY EYES! IT WAS A MOMENT OF INSUPERABLE TERROR THAT SEARED DEEP INTO MY MIND...

HOW YOU SEE ME AS I REALLY AM, HARRY BURNS! LOOK AT ME CLOSELY! NO, YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER ME... NOT YET...

THE SHOCK WAS JUST TOO MUCH FOR ME TO BEAR! WHEN I SAW THAT UGLY MARE OF GREEN PROTOPLASM GULVERING IN FRONT OF ME, SOMETHING SHARPED INSIDE, AND I PASSED OUT! IT WAS ALL I REMEMBERED FOR A WHILE...

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I WAS UNCONSCIOUS, BUT WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS LYING ON MY BACK! I TRIED TO GET UP, BUT MY ARMS AND LEGS REFUSED TO OBEY... AND THEN I KNEW I WAS COMPLETELY PARALYZED...



I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?

IT WAS NECESSARY, HARRY BURNS... AND NOW YOU WILL STAY AS YOU ARE UNTIL I'VE EXPLAINED WHY I'M HERE!

MY NAME IS RAJAL, BUT THAT WILL MEAN NOTHING TO YOU FOR A WHILE! I HAVE COME A LONG WAY FOR YOU... FROM GIRLS... A STAR THAT IS MANY LIGHT-YEARS FROM THIS EARTH!



ARE ME? I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT BUSINESS DO YOU HAVE WITH ME?



I HAVE COME TO TAKE YOU BACK WITH ME TO GIRLS! IT IS A LONG AND PAINFUL JOURNEY, AND I MUST PERSUADE YOU FOR IT...

TAKE ME BACK WITH YOU? BUT... WHY? I'M A SIMPLE MAN... I JUST WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE!

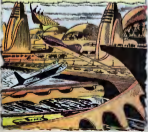


YOUR MISSION ON THIS EARTH IS DONE! YOU HAVE ALL THE INFORMATION THAT IS NEEDED BY OUR PLANET FOR THE CONQUEST OF EARTH! NOW YOU MUST GO BACK WITH ME SO THAT OUR PEOPLE CAN UTILIZE THAT INFORMATION...



YOU SEE, HARRY BURNS, YOU ARE NOT REALLY HARRY BURNS AT ALL... YOU ARE NOT EVEN AN EARTHMAN! YOU ARE ONE OF US, SENT HERE AS A SPY!

HE TOLD ME ABOUT THE PLANET SIKU'S, FAR OFF AMONG THE GALAXIES BEYOND THE EDGE OF HUMAN SPACE! HE DESCRIBED ITS CITIES AND ITS PEOPLES... AND HE TOLD ME THAT I WAS ONE OF THEM, AND NOT AN EARTHMAN...



HE EXPLAINED NOW, IN ADDITION TO THE FALSE BODY, THEY HAD PROVIDED ME WITH A COMPLETE SET OF FALSE MEMORIES ABOUT MY LIFE ON EARTH... SO THAT I WOULD NOT BE DISCOVERED AS AN ALIEN SPY... AND THEY HAD BLOTTED OUT MY OTHER KNOWLEDGE...



THEN, HE TOLD ME, WHEN ALL WAS IN READINESS, THEY PUT ME IN A SPACE SHIP AND BLASTED OFF FOR THE ONLY OTHER PLANET IN THE UNIVERSE THAT WAS CAPABLE OF SUPPORTING OUR KIND OF LIFE FORM... THE PLANET EARTH...



I REMEMBERED THAT FIRST DAY IN NEW YORK! BUT THE POINT IS, I REALIZED THOUGHT I HAD COME FROM CINCINNATI, WHEN ACTUALLY THAT WAS MY FIRST DAY ON EARTH! FROM THEN ON I DEVELOPED A LIFE OF MY OWN AS PLANNED, AND THE NATURAL STEP WAS TO FIND A JOB...

YOU SEEM TO HAVE A FINE EDUCATION, MR. BURNS? I HAVE A GOOD POSITION IN MIND, BUT IT REQUIRES THE KNOWLEDGE OF AT LEAST THREE FOREIGN LANGUAGES...

WELL, I CAN SPEAK ALMOST ANY LANGUAGE IN THE WORLD. THAT'S BEEN MY HOBBY ALL MY LIFE... I'M A LANGUAGE EXPERT!



THE SHIP LEFT ME IN NEW YORK WITHOUT A MEMORY OF WHO I REALLY WAS, AND IN PLACE OF THAT WAS A FALSE HISTORY I PLANTED IN MY BRAIN, SO THAT I WOULD BELIEVE I WAS AN EARTHMAN...



REAL BEAUTIFUL CITY, ISN'T IT? YOU LOOK LIKE AN OUT-OF-TOWNER TAKING IN THE SIGHTS!

YES, I JUST GOT IN FROM CINCINNATI, WHERE I WAS BORN... SPENT ALL MY LIFE THERE! BUT NOW I THINK I'LL SETTLE DOWN IN NEW YORK!

I GOT THE JOB AS A TRANSLATOR AT THE U.N. AND WAS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE BEST! IT WASN'T VERY LONG BEFORE DIPLOMATS BEGAN TO ASK ME TO DO SOME PRIVATE WORK FOR THEM AFTER HOURS...

DON'T FORGET, HARRY, I'LL BE EXPECTING YOU THIS EVENING!

YES, SENIOR RODRIGUEZ, I'LL BE THERE—THE DOCUMENTS ARE READY!



AND THEN IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I MET THE RIGHT GIRL... WE WENT TOGETHER FOR A YEAR AND WERE MARRIED...



A COUPLE OF YEARS LATER, MY WIFE AND I ADOPTED TWO OF THE MOST WONDERFUL CHILDREN IN THE WORLD, AND I'VE BEEN HAPPIER THAN I EVER REMEMBERED! I KNEW WHAT IT WAS TO LIVE IN PEACE AND LOVE...



AND SUDDENLY IN ONE NIGHT ALL MY HOPES AND DREAMS WERE SHATTERED LIKE A CRYSTAL BALL! I HAD NO FUTURE! MY FUTURE WAS SOMEWHERE FAR, OUT IN THE UNIVERSE... FAR FROM THE THINGS I LOVED...

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU! AND EVEN IF IT IS ALL TRUE... I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK! I LOVE THE EARTH! I'VE MY HOME AND I'M STAYING HERE... I'LL DEFEND IT WITH MY LIFE!

YOU STUPID FOOL! YOU'RE NO HUMAN BEING... YOU'RE NOT AN EARTHMAN! WE PUT YOU HERE AND GAVE YOU THE VERY FEELINGS THAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT NOW! WHEN YOU GET BACK, THAT WILL BE CHANGED!



I WAS TICK, POKED, AND POUND MYSELF  
TORN BETWEEN DUBBIE AND DOUBT! ON  
THE ONE HAND IT ALL SEEMED AROUND,  
AND YET THIS ALIEN CREATURE FROM  
ANOTHER WORLD WAS HERE...

WHAT'S  
THAT  
IN  
YOUR  
HAND?  
WHAT  
ARE  
YOU  
GOING  
TO DO  
WITH  
ME?

IT'S ABSOLUTELY A HYDROGENIC  
CONTAINING A SERUM WHICH  
WILL PREPARE YOU FOR THE  
RETURN TRIP! IT WILL TAKE  
EFFECT SLOWLY, AND YOU  
WILL FORGET ALL ABOUT  
YOUR LIFE AS AN  
EARTHMAN...



NO! NO!  
DON'T INJECT  
THAT INTO  
ME! I DON'T  
WANT TO  
FORGET!  
LET ME KEEP  
MY MEMORIES  
OF MY WIFE  
AND  
CHILDREN!

I'M SORRY, DUBBIE...  
IT'S NECESSARY! IT'S  
THE ONLY WAY WE  
CAN TURN YOU BACK  
TO WHAT YOU REALLY  
ARE, SO THAT WE  
CAN OBTAIN THE  
INFORMATION  
WE NEED FOR  
THE CONQUEST!



DON'T BE AFRAID, DUBBIE...  
THIS WILL ALSO RELEASE YOU  
FROM THE PARALYSIS! YOU'LL  
STAY AS YOU ARE FOR SEVERAL  
HOURS, AND THEN WHEN THE  
SERUM TAKES EFFECT, WE'LL  
KNOW WHERE TO COME TO  
MEET THE SPACE  
SHIP!

NO! I'LL  
NEVER  
COME! I'LL  
KILL MYSELF  
FIRST!



SLOWLY I FELT THE STRENGTH RETURNING TO MY  
MUSCLES! I TRIED AS HARD AS I COULD AND WAS  
ABLE TO RAISE MYSELF ON ONE ARM... BUT THE  
STRANGER WAS LEAVING...

WAIT! YOU'VE  
GOT TO LISTEN  
TO ME... I'LL  
DO ANYTHING...  
ONLY LET ME  
STAY!

THE MATTER IS NO LONGER  
IN MY HANDS! YOU'LL SOON  
BE COMING OF YOUR  
OWN DESIRE!



AND WITH THOSE WORDS HE WAS GONE, WITH ONLY  
THE WIND BLOWING IN THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR OF  
THE GARAGE! I WAS WEAK AND DIZZY... I COULD  
BARELY MOVE...

I'LL PROBABLY WAKE  
UP AND FIND THIS IS  
ALL A DREAM!



AND THEN HIS WORDS CAME BACK TO ME... "IT  
WILL BE HOURS BEFORE YOU LOSE YOUR MEMORIES  
OF EARTH." I LEAPED TO MY FEET AND DASHED  
TOWARD THE HOUSE WHERE MY WIFE AND CHILDREN  
WERE WAITING FOR ME...



HELEN, WHERE  
ARE YOU? IT'S ME...  
HARRY... I'M SICK...  
PLEASE HELP  
ME!

I TOOK ONLY HALF A DOZEN STEPS BEFORE MY WEAK  
LEGS GAVE WAY UNDER ME! I LURCHED FORWARD,  
STUMBLED AND FELL... AND A WAVE OF BLACKNESS  
SWEEPED OVER ME...

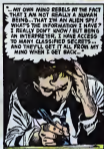
(GASP!)...  
HELEN... NOT  
MUCH TIME...



WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, I WAS BACK IN THE HOUSE, AND HELEN WAS LOOKING DOWN AT ME / SHE WAS FRIGHTENED... I LOOKED AT THE LITTLE RED SPOT ON MY FOREARM WHERE THE HYPODERMIC NEEDLE HAD PUNCTURED THE SKIN...



WHEN SHE LEFT, I GOT UP AND STARTED FOR THE WRITING DESK! IT SEEMED SO HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT I COULD TAKE NO CHANCES... I HAD TO GET IT ALL DOWN ON PAPER, THE WHOLE STORY FOR EARTH TO KNOW...



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*Charles Atlas*

Author of the sale of "The Wonder Body" Periodic, "Wonder Man" in an international edition.

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WHEN YOU CATCH YOUR BREATH AFTER THAT **FIRST** ONE, CAST YOUR EYES ON **THIS** WEIRDIE! THIS CREEP HAS A PERFECT PLAN TO REVENGE HIMSELF ON THE ONE PERSON HE HATES MOST IN THE WORLD...BUT PLANS KNOVE A WAY OF BACKFIRING!

# THE ROBOT THAT HATED



SEE THAT SHORT, NON-DESCRIPT MAN...THE ONE IN THE RAINCOAT? NOTHING SPECIAL ABOUT HIM, IS THERE? LOOKS LIKE A NOBODY, DOESN'T HE?

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! HE ONLY HAPPENS TO BE **JOHN REGER**, THE PHYSICIST WHOSE BAZILLION-DOLLAR EMOTIONAL MANIPULUS WITH LIMITS OF ELECTRICITY WON HIM A TOP SCIENCE PRIZE FOUR YEARS AGO!

LOOK AT THAT GRIN ON HIS FACE...LIKE THE CAT THAT SWALLOWED THE CANARY! WHAT COULD THAT SUPER-BRAIN BE COOKING UP NOW?



JOHN FEEDER ENTERS A CIGAR STORE, IGNORING THE CLIENTS HEARTY GREETING, HE PLUNKS HIMSELF DOWN IN A TELEPHONE BOOTH, AND WHILE HE DROPS A COIN INTO THE SLOT... AND WHILE HE DIALS... THE CROWD SMILE LINGERS ON HIS LOOSE MIST MOUTH...



A TELEPHONE RINGS SHILLY IN A ROOM-AND-A-HALF- WALKS UP IN THE CHALISA DISTRICT.



FORGET IT... THAT'S ALL WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE! LISTEN, JO, WHAT ABOUT GETTING TOGETHER FOR A FEW DRINKS TONIGHT? I KNOW A LITTLE PLACE OUT IN RIDGEWOOD...



JOHN FEEDER KEEPS TALKING SOOTHINGLY INTO THE MOUTHPIECE, BUT AS HE TALKS, HE HOLDS A CIGARETTE BETWEEN TWO FINGERS, AND SQUINTS IT HARD! IT IS ALMOST AS IF EACH FINGER WERE A HAND, AND THE WHITE CIGARETTE WERE A WOMAN'S TONGUE!



THERE ARE MANY CEMETERIES IN RIDGEWOOD...



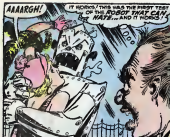
STOP STARING AT ME THAT WAY! WHY ARE YOU YELLING?

I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU, JO, FOR LAUGHING AT ME WHEN I PROPOSED! FOR SMILING IN MY FACE, FOR THROWING MY RING TO THE GROUND... I HATE YOU!



JOHN FEEDER'S HIGH-PITCHED VOICE SCARES UP INTO THE NIGHT AIR, ACROSS THE TOMBSTONES, AND OVER TO A GROVE OF TREES WHERE A ROBOT STANDS WAITING! A DYNAMO BEGINS TO PURR INSIDE THE STEEL HEAD! GEARS BEGIN CLICKING AND MASSIVE STEEL LEGS BEGIN STALKING PONDEROUSLY FORWARD...





AAAARGH!

IT HURTS! THIS WAS THE FIRST TEST  
OF THE ROBOT THAT CAN  
HATE... AND IT HURTS!



WITH THESE HANDS  
I MADE IT! A ROBOT  
WHOSE EMOTIONAL  
INCLUDES... WHOSE  
FEELINGS ARE  
ELECTRICALLY  
ATTACHED TO  
HATE! WHICH  
I HATE, IF HATE!  
WHICH I HATE...  
IT KILLS!

THE MOON SHINES DOWN! IT  
SHINES ON TOMBSTONES IN  
THE CEMETERY AND ON  
SQUALID HOUSES LIVING  
SHADOWY STREETS! IT  
SHINES ON FEDER AS HE  
HURRIES HOMEWARD! AND  
IT SHINES ON THE SMALL  
MAN STACKING SILENTLY  
BRICKS HERE...

AT HOME, FEDER ATTENDS FIRST TO THE  
ROBOT...

THEN HE UNZIPPERES AND THROWS  
HIMSELF ON HIS RUMPLED BED!



DOWN, MY STEEL FRIEND! REST ON YOUR  
BLADE... REST WELL... THERE IS MUCH  
WORK AHEAD FOR YOU!



I MUST REST TOO! MY BRAIN IS  
WHIRLING WITH EXCITEMENT!  
BUT I MUST REST TOO!



OUTSIDE JOHN FEDER'S WINDOW, A TREE RUSTLES  
SOFTLY! CAR TIRES RUM AS THEY ROLL SWIFTLY  
BY ON THE AVENUE! SOMEWHERE A WOMAN  
LAUGHS... ALL THESE SOUNDS, FEDER HEARS  
AS HE LIES SLEEPLESS WHO'S SLEEP...

HOW CAN A MAN SLEEP WHEN HE IS ON THE VERGE OF  
CONQUERING THE WORLD? HOW CAN A MAN SLEEP WHEN  
IMAGES OF CONQUEST KEEP FLASHING INSIDE HIS  
BRAIN?



EVERYONE I HATE, THE ROBOT  
KILL ALL! AND I WILL  
HATE EVERYONE WHO  
STANDS IN MY WAY!  
THERE WILL BE NO LIMIT  
TO MY POWER!

CONTINUE AFTER NEXT PAGE





**BUT SUDDENLY JOHN FEDER GASPS WITH TERROR!**



**"STOP! STOP! STAY AWAY! (GASP!) WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THERE HAS BEEN NO MATE-IMPULSE!"**

**BUT THE ROBOT CANNOT STOP! AND A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE JOHN FEDER LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS, HE REALIZES WHAT HAS HAPPENED!**

**THE ROBOT'S FEELINGS ARE ATTUNED TO MINE! AND I FORGOT (GASP!) HE CAN FEEL LOVE AS WELL AS HATE! THERE WAS AN IMPULSE! I SHOWED HIM I LOVED HIM!**

**THE ROBOT'S DYNAMO-HUNG LOVE TUNE! ITS MASSIVE ARMS KEEP SQUEEZING TIGHTER AND TIGHTER IN A HUG OF AFFECTION...**



**AND THEY MERCANALLY CRUSH JOHN FEDER, THE GREAT PHYSICIST, TO DEATH!**

**THE END**



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SO LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU... *DON'T* START BUILDING ROBOTS! HERE'S A GAL WHO'S HAVING THE STRANGEST DREAMS...*OR ARE THEY DREAMS?* ANYWAY, THEY'RE HORRIBLE ENOUGH TO DRIVE THIS GAL RIGHT TO ...

# THE EDGE OF MADNESS

**TERRIFYING  
MYSTERY  
FROM A  
WEIRD  
WORLD!**



**MADNESS** WAS EATING INTO HER BRAIN TISSUE LIKE A CORROSIVE DISEASE THAT DISSOLVED LOGIC, AND INFLAMED REASON! IT DIFFUSED THOUGHT INTO A FIDELOUS NIGHTMARE! IF SHE DARED BREATHE HER SECRET, A STRAIT JACKET WOULD ENCASE HER BODY!

**TWILIGHT SLEEP**, THE SLEEP THAT HOVERS BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH! THE SCARY MOMENTS OF THE NIGHT WHEN THE SOUL LINGERS ON THE BRINK OF ETERNITY!

**SHADOW** FALLS OVER LIETTE RENNY'S FACE AND ITS DARKNESS SMOTHERS HER BREATH AND TEMPTS LIFE TO EBB.



**W**ITH LIPS FLUTTER AND HER EYES OPEN!  
THEY GROW WIDE IN INSANE FEAR AND A  
SCREAM CHOKES IN HER LUNGS...

**N-NO...NO!**  
I SWEAR OF YOU...  
**NO!**



**M**ADNESS FORCES HER EYES TO REMAIN OPEN BUT ALREADY HER MIND HAS LEFT THE MADISON PLANE OF SANITY! THIS THING CAN ONLY BE A WHIP OR HORROR FROM MADNESS ITSELF!



**T**HE SCREAM BURSTS FORTH IN GREAT SOGGING GASPS AND THE GABLE-FOLDED STREETS ECHO TO ITS URGENCY.



**A** HAND CLACK! SMOOTHED THE SCREAM! NO, IT IS NOT A HAND! IT IS THE APPENDAGE OF A CREATURE WHOSE BONE ARE SOMETIMES FOUND IN CHALK-CLIFFS!



**2** THE CLINGS BY A THREAD AND LIFTS  
SEMI TWISTS OUT FROM UNDER THE  
TWO-IN-ONE TANGLE...



CHUCK: WHAT IS IT? WHY WERE YOU SCREAMING?

OH, IT WAS HORRIBLE! THE DREAM, I MEAN! I MUST HAVE HAD A NIGHTMARE!





**P**ULL! ARMS AND LIPS MEAN NOTHING NOW! WORDS FALL, FOR SOME REASON HE CANNOT JOIN HER IN FLIGHT... AND SHE CANNOT REMAIN HERE TO PLUNGE OVER THE EDGE OF MADNESS!



IT IS FINAL, THEN, FALL! YOU WILL NOT RUN AWAY WITH ME TO FIND HAPPINESS! WHY DO YOU LOOK AT THE SETTING SUN?

I LOOK AT THE SUN BECAUSE IT BRINGS THE END OF LIFE WITH IT! AS LONG AS THE SUN SETS, WE CAN NEVER FIND HAPPINESS, MY DARLING... AND THE SUN WILL ALWAYS SET!

**M**ADNESS! IT APPROACHES! SWIFTLY UNDER THE GUISE OF LOVE, OR SLEEP, OR DREAM! NOTHING MAKES SENSE, NEITHER PAUL NOR THE DUSK OF DAY!



GOOD-BYE, MY DARLING! IF I CANNOT HAVE YOU, NO ONE ELSE SHALL! I PROMISE YOU THAT!

**O**NE MORE MINUTE BEFORE DAWN, AND SHE FLIES THROUGH THE THICKENING SHADOWS OF THE FOREST! DAY WILL END AND NIGHT WILL BEGIN! AND NIGHT WILL BRING WITH IT HORROR...



**T**HE SUN HAS SET, AND NOW SHE SENSES PURSUIT! SOMETHING... SOMEONE IS CHASING HER! THE THOUGHT BRINGS HER CLOSER TO MADNESS, BECAUSE IT MIGHT BE *THE THING OF HER DREAMS!*



**S**HE STOPS, PARALYZED INTO IMMOBILITY BY THE SOUND OF A ROARER, BABBLING, GUTTURAL VOICE... THEN ANOTHER VOICE! THE GROWLING MUTTERINGS OF TWO WILD BEASTS IN DEATH STRUGGLE!



N-NO! IT CANNOT BE! AND YET IT SOUNDS LIKE PAUL'S VOICE... AND THE VOICE OF A BEAST! TWO VOICES... TWO SHARING VOICES!

**T**HEN SHE SEES IT AND HER AND FLIES ITS NARROW CONFINES AND WINGS INTO THE VOID OF MADNESS!



IT IS FIGHTING FOR ME! THEY ARE MICROBING EACH OTHER... FOR ME! *ANYONE!*

**T**RANS BLASH, MOUTHS WITH THE SCREAM AND GRINDS INTERMINGLE WITH THE SAVING BLOOD OF DEATH!



**THE END**

**HERE'S A GHOST STORY THAT  
OUTDOES THEM ALL! WE HOPE  
YOU DON'T SCARE EASILY...  
ANYWAY, YOU'VE BEEN WARNED...**

# **BEWARE OF THE GHOST**

**B**UT dash it all, Draper," said Curtis, curator of the British Museum, "I don't believe in witches and ghosts and bogoblins and all that sort of tommyrot!"

"Neither do I, Curtis," said Draper, "and you know that very well. But the fact remains that seven people have gone to the police claiming that a witch had told 'em they were going to die—that they'd be strangled by the ghost of Beonislaw, the angry Scot. The police laugh at 'em, and then, *poof!* Six of His Majesty's loyal subjects found in the Thames River, strangled, and the coroner says that no human hand did it, while the seventh is screaming up and down that he wants police protection."

"Did he get it?" asked Curtis.

"Get it?" said Draper in exasperation. "They've got the poor bloke's flat surrounded by a squad of Scotland Yard's best."

"By Jumper, Draper," said Curtis, "I still don't believe it was a ghost or anything that can't be

explained naturally."

"Explain it then."

"But I haven't investigated the matter personally," protested Curtis.

"Well, then," snapped Draper, "investigate it!"

Morton Curtis looked at his companion for a moment, he pursed his lips, and diddled with the native dagger that he used for a letter opener.

"All right," he exploded, "I will." He picked up the telephone. A voice squeaked out of the other end and he said, "Get me Scotland Yard. Hello, Scotland Yard? This is Professor Curtis speaking. Yes, of the British Museum. I would like to interview the fellow that spoke to the witch, you know that Langer chap. Yes, I've worked with Inspector Charridon before. Is it all right? Thank you." He hung up and faced Draper. "All right, let's go."

The house where Langer lived was an old style brownstone on

the outskirts of Lyndale. Curtis and Draper were met at the door by a cordon of policemen who checked with headquarters before they let them get through. Finally Draper pushed the buzzer at the door of Langer's flat.

The door opened—just a crack—and a hoarse voice graced, "Who is it?"

Draper announced them and the door opened a little wider, showing a chain latch. Two dark eyes peered out at them and then, apparently satisfied, Langer opened the door to let them in.

They discussed the entire matter with Langer, the witch, the killings, the ghost of the angry Scot, and the police protection. Finally Curtis asked,

"Where does this witch live?"

"Oh," gasped Langer, visibly shaken with fear, "I couldn't tell you that."

"Come, come—man," snapped Curtis, "you're surrounded by a whole squad of Scotland Yard's finest policemen. No one can hurt you."

*(continued after next page)*

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continued

Langer's voice was hurried as he said, "But ghosts aren't afraid of policemen. The witch said he'd kill me, she said he'd get me in my flat, even if I was surrounded by the whole British and Scotch armies."

"Well, then," said Curtis in a quiet voice, "you'd better help us find this thing before it gets here."

Langer's voice was broken. "I—I guess you're right."

He broke down and gave the complete story of how he'd heard of The Witch of Waterloo, supposedly descended from the witch that helped to defeat Napoleon at Waterloo. He'd heard talk in a pub one night that if she liked you she could give you eternal youth and boundless wealth, but if she didn't, she put the hex on you, and the ghost of Bronislaw came, strangled you, and threw you in the Thames.

Curtis listened thoughtfully and when Langer had finished, he asked, "Did she ask you for anything? Money?"

"No."

"What's her address?"

"324½ Darby Road. That's just beyond Waterloo Bridge."

Curtis gave Draper a long look. "Let's go," he said.

At 324½ Darby Road, an old wrinkled woman answered Draper's knock at the door.

"Yes?" she hissed through broken stumps of teeth.

"We're looking for the woman who calls herself 'The Witch of Waterloo,'" said Curtis.

"I am that person," said the old woman. "What do you want with me?"

"I am Professor Curtis, of the British Museum," said Curtis, "and this is my associate Mr. Draper. We ah—we're interested in finding out about the ghost of the Angry Scot—Bronislaw."

She gave out with a weird

cackle that made Curtis' flesh prickle. "Come in, come in, gentlemen."

She threw the door open, and the filthy, musty odor hit the two men and nearly staggered them. Draper pretended that he had a cold, and he walked in with his pocket-handkerchief held to his nose. As they followed the witch they passed rooms filled with all kinds of junk, books, papers and just plain rubbish. Finally they came to a room which was sepa-



rated by a curtain from another room. The witch plunged behind the curtain, and then returned quickly bearing a huge scroll wrapped in velvet. She motioned to the two men to be seated on the couch, and she, herself sat crosslegged on the floor.

"So you want to know about the ghost of the Angry Scot," she said. Her voice trailed off in a high scraping cackle. She pulled the velvet sheath off the scroll and rolled the parchment manuscript out on the floor. She sat there white, and deathly, with her palms pressed to her forehead, muttering Latin phrases.

Curtis said, "What the blazes is—"

"Sh-h-h," interjected Draper. "Listen!"

Curtis listened, and soon he heard the weird keening wail of the bagpipes of the Scotch Highlanders. It came closer, and closer, until it seemed to fill the room with its violent melody that squeezed your brain until you wanted to scream out.

Then it appeared.

At first it was just a shimmering glow of translucence that filled a corner of the room, it whirled and danced to the tune of the pipes. It came closer and closer to the center of the room and then it stopped, wavered and slowly assumed a shape.

Curtis gasped. Draper sobbed in fear. And the thing—the horrible thing that was the ghost of the Angry Scotsman, Bronislaw, stood there, his face wreathed in the furious anger that had given him his namesake.

The witch looked up at the ghost, and said, "I was worried about you, Bronislaw. Where have you been? We have guests who would know of you."

The voice of the thing came out like the sound of death, like the sound of bats rustling in the graveyard trees. "Langer is dead now, your highness. You are once more avenged. I am honored that you worry about your humble servant, Bronislaw. How may I serve the rightful Queen of Scotland, descendant of MARY, Queen of Scots, who was beheaded by the devil-spawned Englishmen?"

Draper fainted, and Curtis lay sobbing on the ground. She pointed to the two Englishmen and shrieked, "Kill them! Kill them!"

The ghost of the Angry Scot complied.

THE END

8232

POOR PAUL! THE GUY IS SIMPLY *BESIDE* HIMSELF! NOW ABOUT A WEIRDIE ABOUT THE TIME WHEN SPACE TRAVEL HAS BECOME A FACT? A COUPLE OF CREEPS ARE GONNA RUN OUT ON THEIR DUTY...BUT THEY'LL WISH THEY'D STAYED AT HOME!

# MENACE FROM MARS!

**S**PACE TRAVEL IS ONLY TEN YEARS OLD AND ALREADY THERE IS TALK OF WAR BETWEEN THE PLANETS! RUMORS FLY ABOUT THE MONSTERS OF MERCURY WHO WILL INVADE EARTH.



**A**ND THERE ARE THOSE WHO HEARD FROM A GUY WHO HAD A PAL WHO KNOWS A PRIVATE IN THE SPACE CORPS THAT WHEN THE SNAKE CREATURES FROM JUPITER COME, IT'LL GOOD-BYE, WORLD...



**B**UT IT'S THE MENACE FROM MARS WE'VE REALLY GOT TO FEAR, GUY OTHERS! THOSE MARTIANS ARE GIANTS...30 FEET TALL!



IT MUST BE TRUE, LEFTY! LOOK...THE ARMY'S DRAFTIN' GUY'S FROM IT TO GO!

LET 'EM DRAFT TILL THEY CATCH COLD! THEY AIN'T NEVER GONNA GET LEFTY MORTON INTO A UNIFORM! I KNOW MY RIGHTS!

LEFTY MORTON, HUH? JUST THE PERSON I'M LOOKING FOR!



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MYSTERY  
FROM A  
WEIRD  
WORLD!**









HERE'S OUR GRAND FINALE! HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF YOU CAME BACK HOME AFTER A VACATION AND FOUND THE STREETS COMPLETELY DESERTED? KINDA SCARED AND PUZZLED, EH? WELL, THAT'S WHAT IS HAPPENING TO HAL! LET'S SEE HOW HE MAKES OUT!

# THE DEAD

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHY'S EVERYTHING LOCKED UP? WHAT'S EVERYONE RUNNING AWAY FOR? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THIS TOWN?

HAL JENNINGS HADN'T BEEN AWAY FOR LONG... JUST A FEW DAYS OF HUNTING AND FISHING ON A PLEASANT VACATION! AND YET, WHEN HE CAME BACK HOME, THERE WAS A CHANCE THAT HE HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE! WINDOWS WERE BOARDED UP, AND EXCEPT FOR A FEW FLEEING NEIGHBORS, THE STREETS WERE DESERTED...

**TERRIFYING  
MYSTERY  
FROM A  
WEIRD  
WORLD!**

D489

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HE STOOD IN THE CENTER OF THE EMPTY STREET, STARING AT THE DESOLATE TOWN THAT HAD ONCE BEEN ALIVE! DAZED AND UNABLE TO SHAKE OFF THE FEELING OF SHOCK, HE TRUDGED SLOWLY IN THE DIRECTION OF HIS OWN HOME...

IT WAS LIKE BEING LOST IN A BAD DREAM! HE WANTED TO SHOUT OUT, BUT HIS VOICE WAS PARALYZED! THEN HE REMEMBERED THAT HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN HAD BEEN LEFT ALONE WHILE HE WAS AWAY...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND! I'VE ONLY BEEN GONE FOR FOUR DAYS... AND IT LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE'S GONE... OR... HIDING... OR DEAD!

MARY! AND THE KIDS! WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM? THEY'VE GOT TO BE SAFE, OR I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF FOR LEAVING!



HE CAN LIVE A HADMAN IN FEAR, ACROSS THE BRICK ROADS, AND SHORT-CUTS THRU BACK YARDS OF HIS NEIGHBORS! ONLY ONE THOUGHT KEPT BEATING AT HIS BRAIN...

(GASP) THEY'VE JUST GOT TO BE ALL RIGHT / THEY HAVE JUST GOT TO BE SAFE!



HE CLIMBED THE WHITE PICKET FENCE INTO HIS OWN BACK YARD, AND HE WAS HEADED AROUND FOR THE FRONT DOOR WHEN HE HEARD A NOISE FROM THE CELLAR! IT WAS CLEAR... AND THERE WAS NO MISTAKING IT... SOMEONE WAS CRYING...

IT... IT'S COMING FROM THE CELLAR! I WONDER... COULD IT BE...?



HE TIPTOED TOWARD THE CELLAR DOOR! HIS HAND GRASPED THE COLD IRON KNOB, AND HE JERKED THE DOOR OPEN QUICKLY! AND HE SAW...

HAL! (GASP) IT'S YOU! YOU'VE COME AT LAST! I THINK MEANS!

DADDY! TAKE US AWAY FROM HERE! WE'RE AFRAID!

YOU'RE ALIVE! OH, MARY! I WISHED ALL SORTS OF CRAZY THINGS!



OH, HAL! WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME, I THOUGHT SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO YOU! I WANTED TO LEAVE AND TAKE THE CHILDREN WITH ME... BUT I HAD TO WAIT FOR YOU...

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MARY! WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE? I SAW THE STREETS DESERTED, AND PEOPLE HIDING, OR RUNNING AWAY! WHY? WHAT IS IT?



HAL SAW THE STRANGE LOOK IN HIS WIFE'S EYES AS SHE REALIZED THAT HE KNEW NOTHING! THE BLOOD SEEMED TO DRAIN FROM HER FACE... BUT THEN SHE GOT TO HER FEET AND TOOK HIS HAND...

YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT IF I JUST TELL YOU, COME, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

WHAT IS IT, MARY? WHATEVER IT IS, SURELY THERE'S NO NEED FOR SUCH TERROR...



THE WOODEN STAIRCASE CREAKED BENEATH THEIR FEET AS THEY MOVED SLOWLY TOWARDS THE DOOR THAT LED TO THEIR LIVING ROOM! HAL OPENED IT.

Y-YOU SEE WHAT I MEANT! (GASP) WHAT CAN WE DO?

(GASP) GOOD HEAVENS! IT CAN'T BE!



THERE WERE DEAD THINGS IN THAT ROOM! COFFEES! BUT NOT JUST STRANGERS! THEY WERE THE DECEASED RELATIVES OF HAL AND MARY JENNINGS... MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY THAT THEY HAD LONG SINCE STOPPED MOURNING!

AUNT DOROTHY AND UNCLE FRANK! BUT THEY DIED NEARLY TEN YEARS AGO!

YES, AND THERE'S GEORGE, AND HELEN, AND ALL THE REST! THEY'VE ALL COME BACK FROM THE DEAD!



SEEN THE UNEARTHLY VISITORS IN HIS LIVING ROOM WAS A SHATTERING BLOW TO MARY'S NERVES. SHE TREMBLED AS HE WIFE LED HIM BACK TO THE UNDERGROUND SANCTUARY.

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THOSE THINGS JUST DON'T HAPPEN! TELL ME I WAS SEEING THINGS, BEFORE I GO OUT OF MY MIND!

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL! IT WAS THE SAME WAY WITH ME WHEN I SAW THEM! IT HAPPENED TWO DAYS AFTER YOU LEFT FOR YOUR VACATION.



"I REMEMBER AS IF IT WERE ONLY THIS MORNING! I WAS COMING BACK WITH MY BUNDLES FROM THE MARKET, AND I PASSED NEWGATE CEMETERY. I HAD ASKED ME THE SAME QUESTION SHE ALWAYS DID."

MOMMY, WHY DO THEY PUT PEOPLE IN THE GROUND WHEN THEY DIE?

I'VE TOLD YOU, DARLING... BECAUSE PEOPLE WHO HAVE LOST SOMEONE THEY LOVE WANT THEM TO REST IN A NICE, PEACEFUL PLACE!



"BUT SUDDENLY THE PEACE WAS SHATTERED BY THE SOUND OF LOUING, RUSHING AND A LOW, ROARING SOUND... IT WAS LIKE AN EARTH-QUAKE, TEARING THE GROUND APART!"

MOMMY! MOMMY! I'M AFRAID!

LOOK! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO THE GROUND!



"I WANTED TO RUN, BUT MY LEGS WENT WEAK! I COULD ONLY STAND THERE AND STARE AT THE TOPPLING STONES, AND THE HEAVING EARTH THAT BUBBLED UP FROM BELOW! LONG JAGGED CRACKS WERE EVERYWHERE AS THE GROUND SPLIT APART..."



"I WANTED TO SCREAM, BUT I COULD ONLY MOVE MY MOUTH INSTINCTIVELY WITHOUT MAKING A SOUND! AS I SAW THOSE HANDS REACHING OUT FROM THEIR GRAVES..."



"I SAW THEM! THEY CAME CRAWLING OUT WITH THE SOFT, BLACK EARTH STILL CLINGING TO THEIR BODIES THAT HAD ROTTED LONG AGO..."



"I THOUGHT THAT WAS THE END OF ALL OF US! BUT THE PECULIAR THING WAS THEY DIDN'T HURT ANYONE, OR ATTACK THE PEOPLE ON THE STREETS! THEY JUST IGNORED US ALL, AS IF THEY HAD SOME PLACE IMPORTANT TO GO TO — AS IF THEY WERE RELATIVES RETURNING HOME AFTER A LONG ABSENCE!"



"AND WHERE DID THEY GO? THEY CAME BACK TO THE HOUSES THEY HAD KNOWN IN LIFE — BACK TO THEIR RELATIVES AND LOVED ONES WHO HAD DIED WHEN THEY WERE PUT INTO THE COLD GROUND... BACK TO THE PEOPLE WHO HAD SCREAMED WHEN THEY DIED AND PLEADED FOR THE DECEASED TO RETURN!"



"I SAW THEM GOING BACK TO THEIR OWN HOMES... RINGING DOORBELLS AND WAITING TO BE RECEIVED WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS... WITH LOVE AND TENDERNESS / BUT THE RESPONSE WAS VERY DIFFERENT! THE SHOCK KILLED MANY PEOPLE AND DROVE OTHERS MAD!"



GEORGE / NO! IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD! GO AWAY! I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND!

MARY'S VOICE TREMBLED AND BROKE INTO HYSTERICAL SOBBS AS SHE FINISHED HER STORY!

YOU KNOW THE REST, HAL! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER COME, AND I COULDN'T LEAVE TILL YOU GOT HERE! NOW WE CAN GO AWAY TOGETHER!

GOT LEAVE OUR HOMES TO THOSE CORPSES IN THERE? THAT'S NOT THE ANSWER! WE BELONG HERE... AND WE'RE GOING TO STAY AND FIGHT IT OUT! SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE!



IT WAS NIGHT WHEN HAL JENNINGS LIFTED UP THE CELLAR DOOR AND MADE HIS WAY OUTSIDE / HIS WHOLE BODY WAS STILL TAUT WITH NERVOUS CUNDRNESS... BUT HE LOOKED BACK AT HIS FAMILY FOR ONLY AN INSTANT AND THEN WENT OUT...



BE CAREFUL, HAL, WHATEVER YOU DO!

DON'T WORRY / I'VE GOT TO GET SOME MEN TOGETHER / IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

HAL JENNINGS WENT THROUGH THE TOWN LOOKING FOR PEOPLE / HE TALKED TO THEM... ARGUED WITH THEM...

YOU'VE GOT TO STAY! IF WE ALL STICK TOGETHER WE CAN DRIVE THEM OUT / ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS ORGANIZE!

MAYBE HE'S RIGHT! I BUILT THAT HOUSE WITH MY OWN HANDS, AND PLANTED THIS GARDEN / I'D RATHER HATE TO LEAVE!



HAL JENNINGS ORGANIZED A MEETING, AND THE FRIGHTENED PEOPLE WERE GLAD TO GATHER AROUND AND FEEL THE COURAGE BUILDING UP IN THE STRENGTH OF NUMBERS...

IT'S NATURAL TO FEAR THINGS WE DON'T UNDERSTAND, BUT YOU CAN'T LET FEAR PARALYZE YOU!

OH, HAL... BUT WHAT DO WE DO?



WE'LL TAKE TORCHES AND CROWBARS! WE'LL GO BACK TO OUR HOMES AND DRIVE THEM OUT / WE'LL SEND THEM BACK WHERE THEY BELONG / IF THEY WANTED TO HURT US, THEY'D HAVE DONE IT BEFORE / SO LET'S JUST LET THEM KNOW THEY'RE NOT WANTED HERE!



HE MOVED THEM... STIRRED THEIR ANGER... AND IN A FEW MINUTES THE QUIET CROWD WAS TURNED INTO A VICIOUS MOB ARMED WITH TORCHES, FENCE PICKETS AND ANYTHING THEY COULD FIND / THE FIRST LIGHT FLASHED IN THEIR EYES AS THEY FOLLOWED THEIR NEW LEADER!

OH, HAL... LET'S GO! BURN 'EM!

DRIVE THEM OUT!

BACK TO THEIR SNORES!

OH, MEN / INTO THE HOUSES... SET RID OF 'EM!



THE MOB MOVED FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE WITH CRACKLING PITCH TORCHES, THEIR HEARTS FULL OF FURY AND HATRED! BUT THE DEAD MADE NO ATTEMPT TO FIGHT BACK! IT WAS ALMOST AS IF THEY HAD DISCOVERED FOR THE FIRST TIME DURING THEIR WAIT, THAT THEY WEREN'T WANTED...



GET OUT!  
GO BACK WHERE  
YOU CAME FROM  
AND LEAVE US  
ALONE!

GO BACK TO  
THE GRAVE OR  
WE'LL CREMATE  
YOUR BONES!

THERE WAS NO TROUBLE! THE DEAD WENT QUIETLY, LEAVING THE PLACES OF THEIR LOVED ONES -- LEAVING THE HOMES WHERE THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE WANTED! THEY DIDN'T SEEM ANGRY OR AFRAID! THEY JUST SEEMED HURT...

THAT'S  
RIGHT!  
YOU'D... JUST...  
BETTER... GO...

THAT  
WAS ALMOST  
TOO EASY!



THEY CAME FROM HOUSES ALL THROUGH THE TOWN, MOVING SILENTLY PAST THE FLOWER BEDS... THROUGH THE GATES... AND ONTO THE STREETS! THE ONLY SOUND WAS THE CRUNCHING OF THE GRAVEL BENEATH THEIR FEET...

SOON THE STREETS WERE A RIVER OF WALKING DEAD! MOVING EFFORTLESSLY SIDE BY SIDE, AS IF BY SOME STRANGE MANNER OF COMMON CONSENT THEY HAD DECIDED TO GO TOGETHER TO SOME UNKNOWN PLACE!

AND SUDDENLY, AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS THEY HAD COME, THEY WERE GONE! THE STREETS WERE EMPTY! THE TOWN WAS SILENT!



"BUT WHERE," THE QUESTION AROSE, "DID THEY GO?" FOR A SHORT SPAN OF TIME, HUNDREDS OF DEAD HAD WALKED THE EARTH, AND THEN SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED! WHERE WERE THEY?

ONE THING IS CERTAIN! THEY DIDN'T GO BACK TO THEIR GRAVES! THE WHOLE CEMETERY IS STILL TORN APART!... THEY'RE NOT IN THERE!

HAL, I'M AFRAID! I JUST REALIZED SOMETHING THAT NONE OF US EVER THOUGHT OF...



EVERYONE TURNED TO LOOK AT MARY JENNINGS! SHE STARED INTO THE EMPTY CRYPTS AND HER VOICE WAS TREMBLING IN DEEP AND AS SHE WHISPERED...

I'M AFRAID! BECAUSE WHEREVER THEY WENT... THEY'RE WAITING FOR US!

ALL OF US WILL GO TO THEM SOMEDAY, AND... GODS HEAVENS... THEN WHAT WILL THEY DO TO US?



IN OUR NEXT GREAT ISSUE OF WEIRD WORLDS, YOU'LL READ THE AMAZING TALES CALLED "HALF HUMAN" AND "THE DWARF OF HORRORMOOR!" DON'T MISS 'EM!



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